

# Good Morning 251

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## ROOTIN' AND TOOTIN'—HERE'S THE GANG—A.B. ALBERT FISHWICK

AFTER ploughing our way through hordes of merry, inquisitive children, we eventually reached the living-room of your home, 30 Primrose St., Chorley, Lancs. A.B. S.T. Albert Fishwick. And a good percentage of the children were your brothers.

As we stood, talking to your mother, we were mobbed right and left by the cowboy-Indian enthusiasts, each brandishing some murderous-looking weapon at us. Young six-year-old Harry had a vivid blue-painted wooden gun, which in spite of the fact that it came from Santa Claus, was put to the most up-to-date uses.

Stanley, now nine years old, had a very real-looking pistol, which was tucked in his belt in the true Western fashion. The rest of the "gang" had toys equally as fearsome and lifelike, and all were flourishing them with the greatest sincerity.

Your sister Irene and her friend Marion Sweeney are allowed to join in the games



occasionally as a great favour, but only then as squaws. Their dignity doesn't stand for much of this, so they away to the fields, where they can play "house" in peace, without tormenting sarcasm from the boys.

We have a spot of news for you, Albert! Do you remember Alec Hoggden? He has been discharged from the Army on medical grounds, after having an injury to his leg.

Your mother, Mrs. Mary Fishwick, has finished going to her war work down at the flour mill.

It was too heavy for her, and did not give her enough time to look after those brothers of yours. We wouldn't mind betting that they take a lot of looking after.

One and all send their love to you, accompanied by many good wishes for the New Year. Good Hunting!



### IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

Thugs were worshippers of the Goddess Kali, who strangled their victims, as a sacrifice to the goddess, and divided the victims' goods among themselves and the priests.

Assassins were a murderous sect living near Mount Lebanon, who seriously opposed the Crusaders. The name is supposed to be derived from hashish, dope to which they were strongly addicted.

If you counted the stars at the rate of one a second, you'd take 17,500 years to count all we can see, even by telescopes.

There is one bridge which spans the Atlantic. This is Clachan Bridge, near Oban, which joins the mainland with the Isle of Seil. Under it flows a strip of water which forms part of the Atlantic.

Paris toughs got their name of apache from a tribe of North American Indians.

The spider has four pairs of legs, and his body is divided into two main parts. He is therefore not an insect, which has three pairs of legs and three divisions of body. He has an order all to himself—Arachnida.

The mygale spiders, which have an overall length of seven inches, kill and eat small birds and animals.

An aeroplane seven miles up over England would enable the crew to see the whole of the country in a single bird's eye view, and also the curvature of the earth.

Lictors in ancient Roman courts carried a fasces, that is, an axe bound up in a quantity of rods, as a mark of their authority. Hence Mussolini's Fascism and the Fascist symbol, for Fascism was created "to oppose Bolshevism and Anarchy."

# ALL FRENCH WOMEN LOVED THIS BLACK PICCANINNY

FRENCHWOMEN, to satisfy the craze for setting the fashion of the moment, have done some queer things in the past, and no doubt they have, for the most part, been harmless.

About forty years ago, one of these, to outshine her sisters who had brought back jungle denizens to adopt as pets to accompany them on their walks down the boulevards, returned from a holiday trip to Senegal, the French African possession, with a small, pot-bellied piccaninny.

Presumably Madame enjoyed to the full the stir she must have caused when taking the air with her newly acquired pet. Tame leopards, lizards and other unusual pets were all too commonplace. She scored a hit.

It may have been a mercy that she never lived to see the full fruits of her craving to arouse the envy of her sex among the fashion-leaders of the moment.

This coal-black jungle baby, born at St. Louis, Senegal, was christened Louis Phal. When his "owner" died he did all sorts of menial jobs for a living.

He was engaged as a dishwasher in a Marseilles restaurant when he was "discovered" by M. Hellers. I must tell you that M. Hellers was a manager of French boxers.

I knew him as one of the pioneers of French boxing. He was a good manager, but somehow or other his rivals generally beat him in the race for getting the top-liners.

### THE MISSING LINK.

Hellers meant to get hold of a fighter who would hit the headlines and rake in the francs. He, too, had searched the jungles. Not to find a pet. His idea was to find suitable fighting material. He knew what he wanted.

He told me that he had set out to find one that was half-ape and half-man, but he returned empty-handed. What he had travelled vast distances to find was to be had for the asking almost on his doorstep. Louis Phal, the dishwasher, filled his requirements in full measure.

It is not unusual for bright ideas to finish up as dull headaches. My friend Hellers never realised what a series of almost everlasting headaches he was storing up for himself when he persuaded Louis Phal to sign on the dotted line and thenceforth take the name of Battling Siki.

Paris may in time forget the German occupation, with all its attendant evils, its organised looting, mass murders and unrefined torture, but it is never likely to forget Battling Siki.

Hellers had his wish. His twentieth-century specimen of primeval man hit the headlines as no other fighter had ever done.

It would be inaccurate to say that M. Hellers taught Siki to box. Nobody taught him, and he never learned much more than the mere rudiments of boxing. He was just a fighter, and even at that nothing worth talking about. Then how did he achieve so much notoriety? you may ask.

It was his behaviour outside the ring rather than what he accomplished inside the roped square. You see, he was never really civilised.

### A YELLOW BLACK.

He started lowly enough, and was just an ordinary boxer engaged in preliminary bouts when the 1914 war intervened. He was only 17 when the last war started.

In later years, when he had begun to outrage the proprieties in a Paris that gave latitude enough in this connection, one half of his critics declared that he was black outside and black all through; and the other half had it that he was



black enough on the surface, but was yellow inside—the yellow being much more than a mere streak.

Among the professionals of his day he was classed as yellow, and yet he must have been a brave soldier. Between 1914 and 1919 he gained the Croix de Guerre and Legion of Honour.

Resuming his ring activities in 1920, he won and lost a number of contests against second- and third-raters, and most of these engagements were outside France. It was when he returned after winning a fight that he took to painting the town red and getting his name in the headlines.

Running parallel with Siki's almost unnoticed fights and widely publicised delinquencies were Carpentier's much-advertised cheap victories and subsequent hero-worship on the part of the populace.

Carpentier was feted as a national asset of the first importance what time he was busily packing up large quantities of good English money.

In time, French boxing enthusiasts wanted to see more of their idol than just an occasional glimpse as the band played "See the conquering hero comes" when he returned from across the Channel.

Carpentier was repeatedly asked to agree to a contest in Paris, but he usually told the promoters that there was not enough money for him in the Gay City.

Mild protests rose to murmurings of dissatisfaction, which gave place to open criticism and columns in the newspapers.

### MADE CARPENTIER THINK.

At length the French Boxing Federation called upon him to defend his titles, and he just shaped his fingers in what is now known as the Victory Sign as his answer to the Federation.

All this was spread out over a long period, and the longer it went, the more imperious Carpentier became, until the International Boxing Union issued its fiat.

This body solemnly declared that the time was ripe, and indeed over-ripe, for Carpentier to defend his title of light-heavy-weight champion of the world, and they named his challenger, Battling Siki.

It would be highly diverting to be able to print the remarks of Carpentier and his manager, the great Francois Descamps,

when this I.B.U. command reached them, but they may well be imagined.

I have already mentioned that in boxing circles in this country the International Boxing Union was regarded as a joke.

It gave us many a laugh in the days that followed its formation after the previous war, but few better than the selection of Siki as the official challenger for Carpentier's title.

Along with this laugh went a chuckle that might have been appreciated by the I.B.U.

### Says W. H. Millier

The "King of French boxers" regarded it as the deadliest insult he had ever been called upon to bear. It rankled and cut deep into his pride.

Trust the ever-resourceful Descamps to turn it to good advantage, or at least make the attempt.

The pair were now quite wealthy citizens of the French republic, and they had invested their money in various businesses. They owned a fishing fleet; Descamps owned a cheese box manufactory, the machines for which he had himself designed; they had other interests as well, but still there was more money to invest.

The latest venture on hand was the construction of a huge sports stadium on the outskirts of Paris. Work on this had started just before the I.B.U. lobbed its hand grenade into the Carpentier camp.

### SIKI WAS "PAP."

They would wait until the new stadium was ready, and then, as the grand opening attraction, they would themselves stage the fight with Siki.

This brain-wave restored Carpentier to the nearest he could get to good humour. He spat contemptuously as he mentioned the name Siki. "He's a push-over and he's yellow. I can knock him out in a punch if he doesn't fall over."

This and much more to the same effect was the substance of his discourse, and Descamps was delighted. Perhaps you may be delighted when I tell you what happened at this great opening of the stadium. It will come in the next instalment.

## WANT GLASS EYES?

(With Oomph!)

IT'S a case of an eye for an eye. Eyes blue and brown, eyes with a twinkle. You can take them out—and pop 'em back!

Gentlemen, glass eyes are being worn!

On a West African plantation a manager uses his glass eye as a labour-saver—and leaves it to watch the natives whenever he is absent. The idea works! But, strictly speaking, it's one of his old glass eyes.

In Britain alone, 23,000 people wear glass eyes, and mostly replace them once a year. And—sssh!—at least three of the wearers are film or stage stars. Sometimes their glass-eye profile looks better than the natural side.

It's a queer trade, the glass eye business, focused in Britain around six leading firms.

Two are run by women. Charlotte Taylor's family have been supplying black eyes—and every shade from deep brown to palest grey—for 150 years.

In 30 to 45 minutes, deftly blowing an eyeball in a Bunsen burner, she can produce a glass eye for man, lion, pet snake, or even parrot.

With glass colour sticks the grey and yellowish tints are fused into the globe. Hair-breadth veins and flecks are reproduced with unerring accuracy.

The pupil is created from a fused piece of black enamel. A crystal coating creates the human lustre. Mrs. Taylor can even produce an eye with a dilating pupil to add to its natural appearance.

Another woman eye-maker, Miss Rose Millauro, specialises in eyes which move in their sockets with the muscles

—a "special effect" of the industry that it took years of experiment to achieve.

With its boxes of glass eyes, each eye a work of art, an eye studio is a pretty queer place. But clients are sometimes queerer.

There was the Scotsman who ordered a slightly bloodshot eye to avoid any "morning after" distinction with his real eye. A cartoonist wears a glass eye with a tiny Union Jack painted on the pupil. He enjoys the effect it creates upon strangers.

On the other hand, some eye-wearers are so sensitive that they also wear spectacles as camouflage. Or they have different false eyes for night and day wear.

They know that a living pupil, dilating under artificial light, can make the false eye look uneven.

Yet one man, with his own good brown eye, requested an artificial blue model.

His wife had always admired blue-eyed men!

It took no little persuasion to convince him that odd eyes wouldn't have oomph...

And how's this for secrecy? One man kept his glass eye secret from his wife for 25 years. She never suspected the artificiality.

Glass-eye manufacturers have their own view of the world.

Moved by children brought to their studios, they've been agitating for a ban on dangerous children's games.

Keeping check on industry, they find that glass eyes due to factory accidents are becoming fewer.



# Concluding: DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTRÖM Escape from deep Hell

"At first I was too much confused to observe anything accurately. The general burst of terrific grandeur was all that I beheld. When I recovered myself a little, however, my gaze fell instinctively downward. In this direction I was able to obtain an unobstructed view from the manner in which the smack hung on the inclined surface of the pool. She was quite upon an even keel—that is to say, her deck lay in a plane parallel with that of the water, but this latter sloped at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, so that we seemed to be lying upon our beam-ends. I could not help observing, nevertheless, that I had scarcely more difficulty in maintaining my hold and footing in this situation than if we had been upon a dead level; and this, I suppose, was owing to the speed at which we revolved."

"The rays of the moon seemed to search the very bottom of the profound gulf; but still I could make out nothing distinctly on account of a thick mist in which everything there was enveloped and over which hung a magnificent rainbow, like that narrow and tottering bridge which Mussulmans say is the only pathway between Time and Eternity. This mist or spray was no doubt occasioned by the clashing of the great walls of the funnel, as they all met together at the bottom, but the yell that went up to the heavens from out of that mist I dare not attempt to describe."

"Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the belt of foam above, had carried us to a great distance down the slope, but our further descent was by no means proportionate. Round and round we swept, not with any uniform movement, but in dizzying swings and jerks that sent us sometimes only a few hundred yards, sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the whirl. Our progress downward, at each revolution, was slow, but very perceptible."

"Looking about me upon the wide waste of liquid ebony on which we were thus borne, I perceived that our boat was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below us were fragments of vessels, large masses of building timber and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles, such as pieces of house furniture, broken boxes, barrels and staves. I have already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken the place of my original terrors."

"It appeared to grow upon me as I drew nearer and nearer to my dreadful doom. I now began to watch, with a strange interest, the numerous things that floated in our company. I must have been delirious, for I even sought amusement in speculating upon the relative velocities of their several descents toward the foam below. 'This fir-tree,' I found myself at one time saying, 'will certainly be the next thing that takes the awful plunge and disappears'; and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant ship overtook it and went down before."

## JANE



By  
**EDGAR ALLAN POE**

"At length, after making several guesses of this nature, and being deceived in all, this fact—the fact of my invariable miscalculation—set me upon a train of reflection that made my limbs tremble again and my heart beat heavily once more."

"It was not a new terror that thus affected me, but the dawn of a more exciting hope. This hope arose partly from memory and partly from present observation. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoe-ström. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary manner—so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters—but then I distinctly recollected that there were some of them which were not disfigured at all."

"Now, I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which had been completely absorbed—that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or, from some reason, had descended so slowly after entering that they did not reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came, or of the ebb, as the case might be."

"I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might thus be whirled up again to the level of the ocean, without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early or absorbed more rapidly. I made, also, three important observations. The first was that, as a general rule, the larger the bodies were, the more rapid their descent; the second that, between two masses of equal extent, the one spherical and the other of any other shape, the superiority in speed of descent was with the sphere; the third that, between two masses of equal size, the one cylindrical and the other of any shape, the cylinder was absorbed the more slowly. Since my escape I have had

several conversations on this subject with an old school-master of the district, and it was from him that I learned the use of the words 'cylinder' and 'sphere.' He explained to me—although I have forgotten the explanation—how what I observed was, in fact, the natural consequence of the forms of the floating fragments, and showed me how it happened that a cylinder, swimming in a vortex, offered more resistance to its suction, and was drawn in with greater difficulty than an equally bulky body, of any form whatever."

"There was one startling circumstance which went a great way in enforcing these observations and rendering me anxious to turn them to account, and this was that, at every revolution, we passed something like a barrel, or else the yard or the mast of a vessel, while many of these things which had been on our level when I first opened my eyes upon the wonders of the whirlpool were now high up above us, and seemed to have moved but little from their original station."

"I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water-cask upon which I now held, to cut it loose from the counter, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother's attention by signs, pointed to the floating barrels that came near us, and did everything in my power to make him understand what I was about to do."

"I thought at length that he comprehended my design, but, whether this was the case or not, he shook his head despairingly and refused to move from his station by the ring-bolt. It was impossible to reach him, the emergency admitted of no delay, and so, with a bitter struggle, I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask by means of the lashings which secured it to the counter, and precipitated myself with it into the sea, without another moment's hesitation."

"The result was precisely what I hoped it might be. As it is myself who now tell you this tale; as you see that I did escape, and as you are already in possession of the mode in which this escape was effected, and must therefore anticipate all that I have further to say, I will bring my story quickly to conclusion."

"It might have been an hour, or thereabouts, after my quitting the smack, when, having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and, bearing my loved brother with it, plunged headlong, at once and for ever, into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached sank very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard, before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool. The slope of the sides of the vast funnel became

momently less and less steep."

A boat picked me up, exhausted from fatigue, and—now that the danger was removed—speechless from the memory of its horror."

"Those who drew me on board were my old mates and daily companions, but they knew me no more than they would have known a traveler from the spirit-land. My hair, which had been raven black the day before, was as white as you see it now. They say, too, that the whole expression of my countenance had changed. I told them my story—they did not believe it. I now tell it to you, and I can scarcely expect you to put more faith in it than did the fishermen of Lofoden."

END

## WANGLING WORDS—206

- Put "live" in P... NT and make a high official.
- Rearrange the letters of 'SCUSE SAM'S HATT and make an American State.
- Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: WEEKS into MONTH, LAMB into CHOP, WARM into BATH, ACES into SPOT.
- How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from TYPEWRITERS?

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 205

- LEICESTER.
- BRISBANE.
- STAR, SPAR, SPAT, SEAT, BEAT, BEST, LEST, LENT, LENS, PENS, PANS, PATS, RATS.
- HAIL, HALL, HALE, BALE, BANE, BANG, GANG, GNAT, GOAT, BOAT, BOOT, FOOT, FONT, DONT, DINT, TINT, TING, TANG.
- CHOP, CROP, COOP, COOS, COTS, CUTS, CUES, SUES, SUEY.
- Digs, Note, Tone, Time, Site, Ties, Side, Dies, Tide, Nose, Node, Done, Dine, Gone, Dote, Toes, Gets, Gist, Dent, Tend, Ends, Send, Dens, Sent, Tens, Tins, Dost, Nine, etc.
- Stone, Sting Nodes, Notes, Dines, Tones, Tines, Digit, Dents, Snide, Tides, Doing, Nones, Dotes, Tends, etc.

## QUIZ for today

- An eagle is a large bird, tidal wave, woman's cloak, flat-bottomed boat, Persian priest?
- Who wrote (a) The Hunchback of Notre Dame, (b) The Man with the Twisted Lip?
- Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Ermine, Polecat, Siskin, Marten, Badger, Stoat.
- Can you name five gases which are lighter than air?
- State the difference between slander and libel.
- Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Mildew, Minnow, Poignant, Semenary, Fanfare, Fulcrum.
- What rank in the Army is equivalent to a Midshipman?
- Which King of England was unable to speak English?
- Who made the most runs at cricket, Hobbs or W. G. Grace?
- What is the capital of Chile?
- Complete the phrases (a) Grace before —, (b) Short and —.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 250

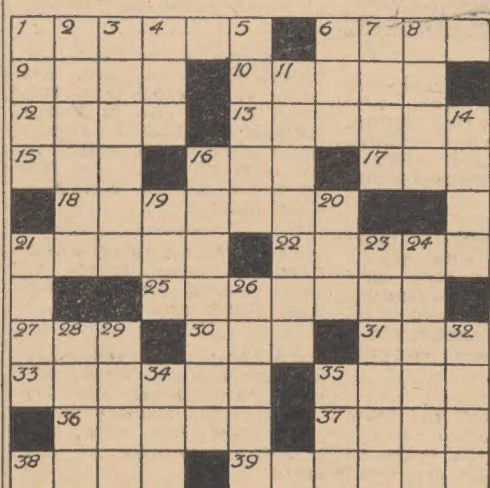
- Part of a plough.
- (a) A. G. Street, (b) George Bourne.
- Easter is not a Quarter Day; the others are.
- Bactrian camel.
- One quarter.
- Iceland.
- Supplanted, Effrontery.
- Squadron Leader.
- There is none; Scotch Woodcock is an egg dish.
- Southampton.
- Hono'ulu.
- (a) Comforter, (b) Husband.

## USELESS EUSTACE



"Blimey, Vicar, what! And have the blinkin' warden after me?"

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- Grave.
- Bygone.
- Diving bird.
- Whinny.
- Halling cry.
- Big spotted beast.
- Paid up.
- Wheel projection.
- Self.
- Broadcast.
- Treadle.
- Equestrian.
- Irish girl.
- Reptile.
- Beam.
- Young person.
- Vegetable.
- Size of type.
- Rakes.
- Amorous glance.
- Water-lizard.
- Surpass.

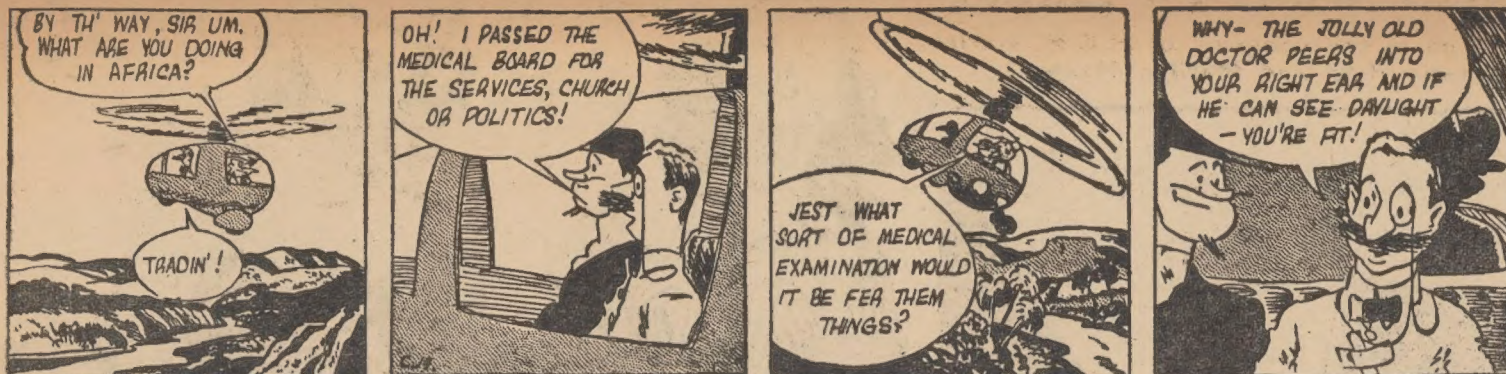
### CLUES DOWN.

- Bang.
- Stick together.
- Firmly fixed.
- Some.
- Like.
- Farm animal.
- Form of fever.
- Coarse tobacco.
- Unit of heat.
- Dark-red resin.
- Fade.
- Fuel.
- Flood.
- Give the means.
- Slight mistake.
- Unfalling.
- Front of ship.
- Coloured.
- Fruit.
- Gigantic bird.

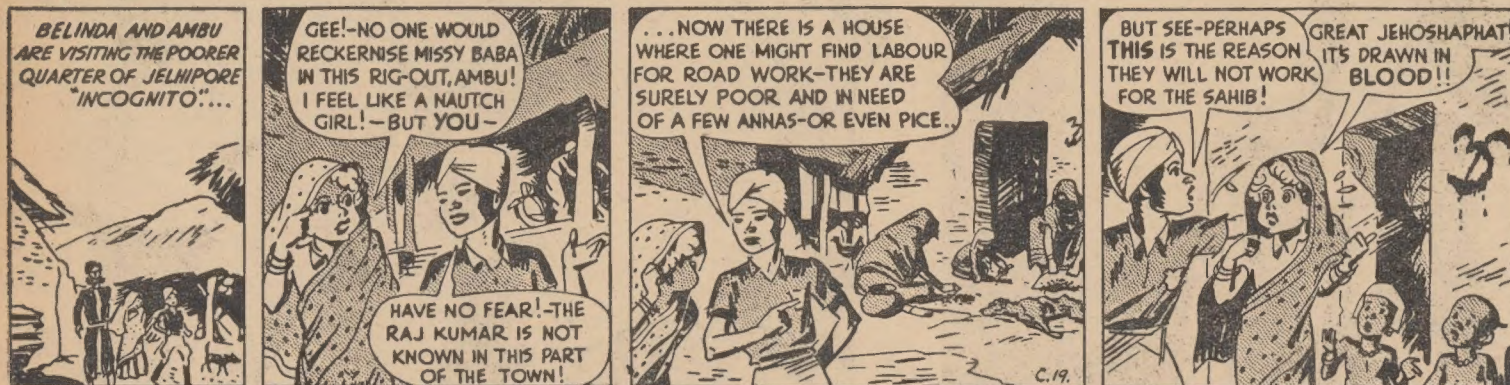
PACK PAMPAS AGAIN NAIVE PORTICO PET GREENADIER T O EVER SO WITS I EVEN ON UTAH I E SEPARATOR FIX REGALIA ADAPT SPELL REMISS STEP



## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



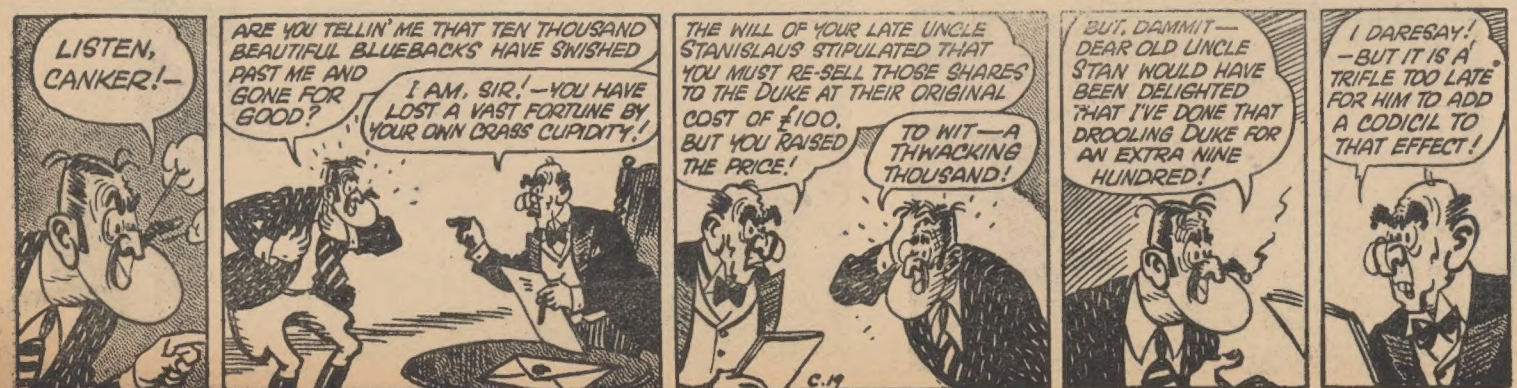
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## LONDON IS SINKING

By Ralph De Vere

AFTER being away from Britain for some years, don't be surprised to hear that London has sunk somewhat when you see it again! It will take a long time to disappear, but the sober fact is that the capital of the Empire has been sinking for the past five thousand years at the rate of over an inch every five years.

This means that during the period when calculations have been made with scientific accuracy, London has sunk more than eighty feet; and it is still going strong.

This is also the maximum height to which buildings are permitted to be erected without special permission, so that it is correct to say that London has sunk enough to blot out most of the modern city.

## SINK—PRESENT.

Geologists have been working on this question for some time. They have come to the conclusion that the sinking is irregular; but it is expected that the next fifty years may develop something that may startle London's ten million inhabitants.

The evidence of the sinking of London can be proved by historical data. When Cardinal Wolsey built his Bridewell Palace at Blackfriars he erected it on the foreshore of the River Thames.

It is inconceivable that he put that palace where the grounds would be flooded at high (or low) tide. The site had previously been an orchard.

Gardeners will tell you that fruit trees will not grow where there is a soil washed by tides. The mud of the Thames will not allow fruit trees to come to full fruition. But Wolsey's palace had a wharf. Where was it?

## SANK—PAST.

Workmen found it when they were laying the foundations of Unilever House. It was at least seven feet below the present high tide level. Now, it is known that the London dwellers used, in Tudor times, to stroll of an evening along their wharves.

If that wharf of Wolsey's was above high tide—as it must have been—then London Embankment had sunk at least eight feet in 400 years!

Moreover, geologists have been at work on the land where the present docks of the Thames are situated. They have found five layers of peat, and in the peat they have found layers and bits of certain trees, such as hazels, alders and willows. And each layer is covered with a layer of gravel, and then a layer of mud.

It has also been proved by these geological investigations that London has had periods, some of two centuries, when there was no sinking; then sinkings have occurred suddenly.

The latest survey shows that there is now a period of sinking in operation.

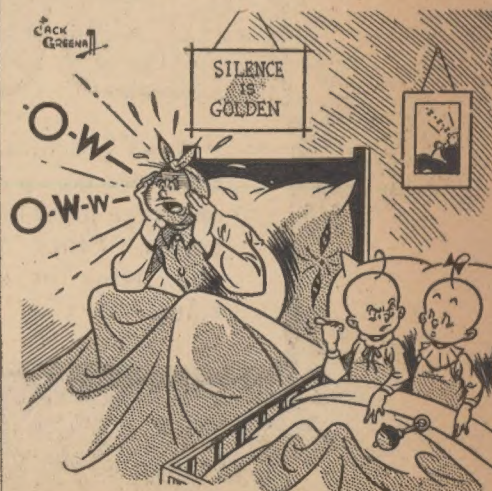
Not many years ago a high tide caused great flooding in Millbank district. Experts agreed that the Embankment could not hold the new flood of water; the then Embankment had not been raised for more than a century. This was not an abnormally high tide. So the land must have lowered.

## SUNK—FUTURE.

Here is a startling fact. It requires only a tide five feet above the present level to flood not only Millbank, but large districts in the East End, Westminster and the Mall.

With that tide running, even the gardens of Buckingham Palace would be under water, and all the riverside up to Hampton Court would be under the sea.

It is a constant fight between the architects and the tides, and one day, perhaps not so far distant, London will sink once more, and this time tragically. In the distant future she will sink for good—but nobody can say when that time will be.



"Bit thick, isn't it? After the tuss ne made when our teeth kept him awake!"



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

## I'M HAPPY WHEN I'M HIKING

So would we be in the company of M.G.M. starlets  
Frances Rafferty (left) and Marilyn Maxwell.

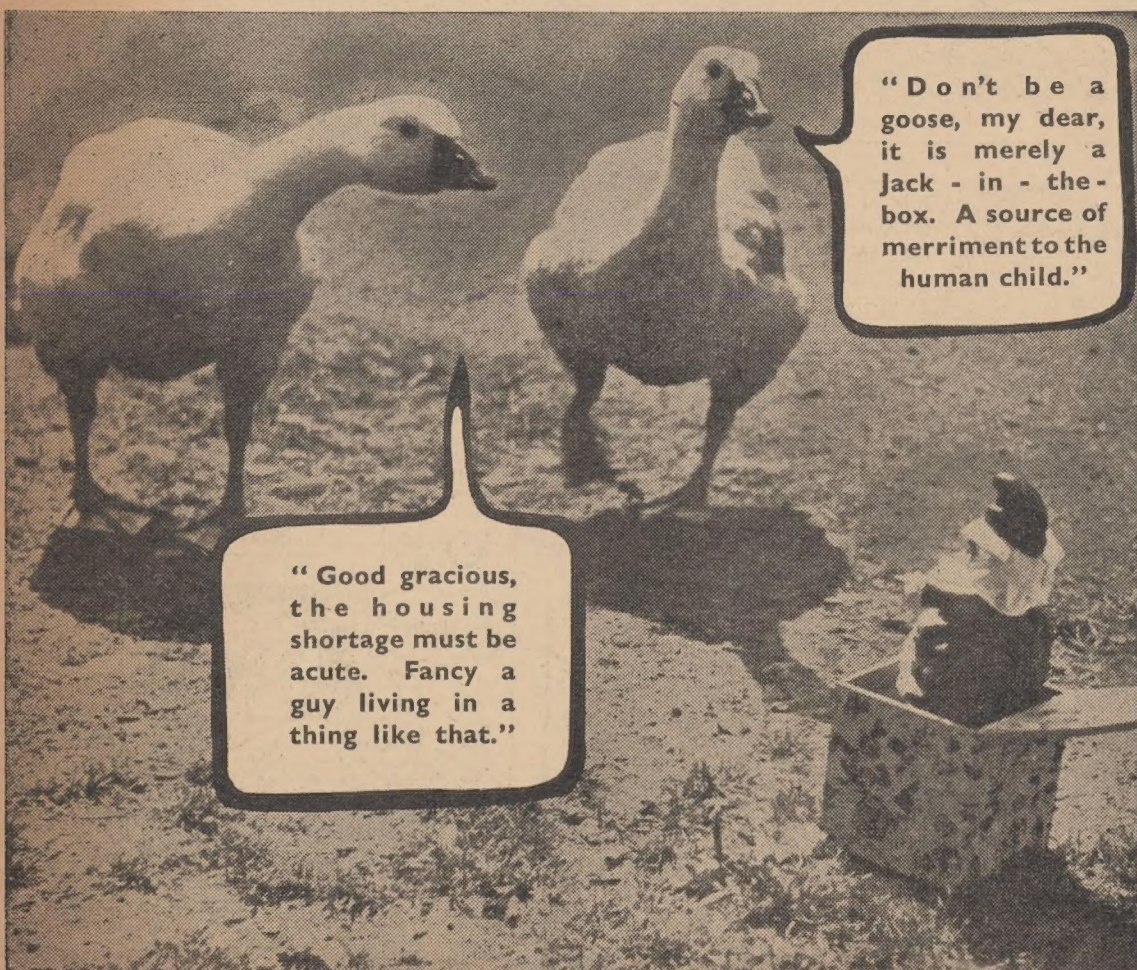


"I may not be eligible for the Forces, but, boy oh boy, if only I could get these hands of mine on Hitler's throat!"



## This England

A glimpse of old England. Fifteenth-century houses in the village of Lacock, Wiltshire, often described as the "most beautiful village in England."



OH!  
I'M  
SO  
TIRED



### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Pardon me.  
It's catching."

